

Richard: Patron Saint of Struggling Dancers

You were fortunate to dance with him,
With his steady smile
And that twinkle in his eye.

He was excellence personified,
Yet his knowledge was understated.

Going up and down the line,
You always breathed a sigh of relief
When you saw Rich coming,
With his quick lead and steady hand;
With his small pulse to the palm
You knew exactly what to do.

The tiniest nod gave direction,
But done so unnoticeably
So as to not make you feel bad:
For not knowing,
For having gotten lost,
For not having paid attention.

And then you'd see him at the next dance
And he would seem just as eager to dance with you as ever.

Dearest Rich,

Thanks SO much for all the help and encouragement!
We will never forget you!

(From Bradley Hopkins)